

150/60
THE

23

CONTEMPLATIST:

A

NIGHT PIECE.

By J. CUNNINGHAM.

AH QUANTUM EST IN REBUS INANE!

PERSIUS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. PAYNE and W. CROPLEY, at Dryden's-Head, in
Pater-Noster-Row. M.DCC.LXII.

[Price Six-pence]

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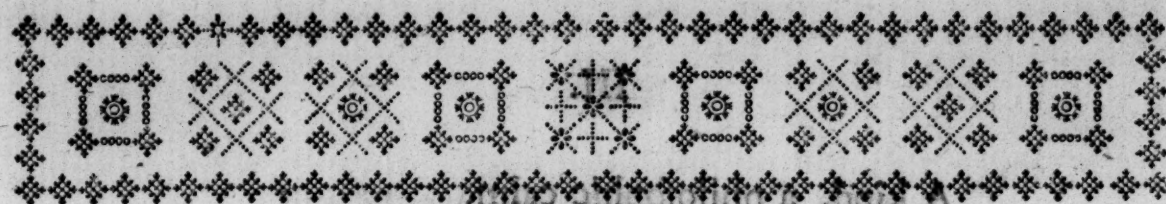
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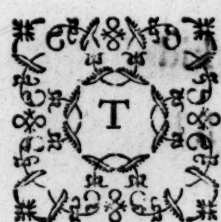
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(1)



THE
CONTEMPLATIST:

A
NIGHT PIECE.



THE nurse of CONTEMPLATION, Night,

Begins her balmy reign;

Advancing, in their varied light,

Her silver-vested train.

II.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars,

That ride yon sacred round,

Should keep, among their rapid cars,

A silence so profound!

B

III.

(2)

III.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears !
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid
The feather'd race how still !
How quiet, now, the gamesome kid
That gamboll'd round the hill !

V.

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.



VI.

VI.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears, amongst the tufted trees,
A Phoenix-nest on fire.

VII.

But soft---The golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silent pomp she rides,
Pale regent of the sky!

VIII.

Where TIME, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the temper'd air.

(4)

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime ;
Its branches brav'd the sky !
Thus, at the touch of ruthless TIME
Shall Youth and Vigour die. A

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse :
It glows serenely gay !
Come SCIENCE, by my side, advance,
To search the Milky Way. I

XI.

Let us descend - - The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind ;
And SCIENCE, in the maze of light,
Is impotent, and blind. A

XI.

XII.

XII.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran ?
Vapours. How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of MAN !

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide ! - - - a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladfome beam,
The hermits ofier shed.

XIV.

Amongst the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar !
And darts along the dusk ; so bright,
It seems a silver star !

XV.

In coverts, (where the few frequent) dw
If VIRTUE deigns to dwell ;
'Tis thus, the little lamp CONTENT,
! Gives lustre to her cell.

XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep ;
The poppies pendent o'er its fides
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

XVII.

PLEASURE's intoxicated sons !
Ye indolent ! ye gay !
Reflect - - - for as the river runs,
Life wings its tractless way.

(7)

XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green,
Conceals the azure sky ;
Save, where a starry space between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

XIX.

Old ERROR, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred TRUTH behind :
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

XX.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign-----
They lock the Shepherds fold !
But hark---I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold !

XXI.

XXI.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little Rambler dies.

XXII.

As luckless, is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides,
When hurried from the halcyon cot
Where INNOCENCE presides-----

XXIII

The Passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the path of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd - - - and undone.

XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud, as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

XXV.

'Tis thus, the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

XXVI.

The soft serenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

XXVII.

The angry elements engage!
An oak, (an ivied bower!)
Repells the rough winds noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

XXVIII.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate,
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her feat,
The soul will sit serene.

XXIX.

A raven, from some greedy vault
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

XXX.

((II))

XXX.

The tomb! - - - The consecrated dome!
The temple raised to P E A C E!
The port, that to its friendly home,
Compells the human race!

XXXI.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental fight,
The temporary dead.

XXXX

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

XXXIV.

'Tis peace - - - (The little chaos past!)
The gentle moon's restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

XXXV.

The nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her wonted strains;
And HOPE, (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Yes - - - When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the little lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to my mind.

XXXVIII.

Can the lewd orgies of your nights,
Ye sons of rage, and wine!
Afford, amongst your false delights,
An hour of Peace, like MINE!

F I N I S.

(11)

XXVII

Lately Published,

(PRICE SIXPENCE)

AN

XXVII

E L E G Y

ON A

P I L E O F R U I N S.

By J. CUNNINGHAM.



F I N I S H

(13)
XXVII
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